

Galveston Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Meyer of Beaumont spent Sunday in the city.

Miss Anna Maas is in Houston to attend the Bloch-Hirsch wedding.

Abe Simon and Harvey Greenberg of Houston spent Sunday in our city.

Mrs. D. Freeman, formerly of this city but now of New Orleans, is in the city the guest of Mrs. Singer.

Mrs. E. Utter Meyer, of New York City will arrive in the city in a day or so to be the guest of Mrs. Jake Sonnenheil.

Mrs. H. Kempner is expecting her daughter, Mrs. H. Oppenheimer of San Antonio, with her little son and daughter, here for a visit shortly.

Miss Sadie Block was tendered a surprise party Sunday night by her friends, the occasion being her birthday. All kinds of games were indulged in. The prizes for the guessing contest were won by Miss Ruth Schornstein and Mr. Clarence Milheiser. Refreshments were served during the evening. Those participating were: Misses Ethel Ullman, Barbara Gernsbacher, Florence Bonart, Helen Rosenfield, Gertye Block, Ruth Schornstein, Natalie Deiches, Blanche Block; Messrs. Gilbert Lechinger and Thomas Freundlich of Houston, Clarence Lewis, Louis Gernsbacher, Fred Meyer, Sol Fridner, Isadore Samuels, Joe Kahn, Chas. Bonart, Heyman Block, Clarence Milheiser, Leopold Block.

At The Crystal.

The Crystal is the newest moving picture show in town. It opened its doors to the public Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock with a fine show.

No feature that accompanies a first class presentation or which is attendant upon the successful entertainment of its guests has been neglected.

r. Harry Wolf, the proprietor, needs no introduction. He ever delights in the best. Therefore his many friends will find that in the Crystal his usual high ideal is very much in evidence. Besides the pictures arrangements have been made for music. The price of admission is only 5 cents.

THE LAST TRAIL OF JESSE BOLANDE

Rapid City was an extreme example of a picturesque but unwholesome community.

The incumbent of the marshalecy of Rapid City had won his exalted position solely because no one could recall a time when he had been either dilatory for a fatal moment, or inaccurate for an effective hair's-breadth.

So when he issued an edict against carrying guns inside the "city" limits the cowpunchers took out their revenge in oaths and threats against the next election; and, from the very day after the edict, the place of the pistol knew it no more.

Rapid City had managed to survive about a week of this uncomfortable, negative virtue, when Jesse Bolande rode into town at about four in the afternoon. He had been on his range all week, and as he stood at the un-mirrored bar of "Keno Jim's place," he listened to the new state of affairs with many an oath of incredulous amaze.

The marshal and Bolande were old friends. They had once milled on a ragged claim upon the mountains together; they had stood back to back in skirmishes with savages.

When the marshal entered the saloon, he did not, at first, see Bolande's revolver, and there was an unrestrained cordiality in the "How!" with which he greeted him, while the warmth of Bolande's answer strove with a pacificatory uneasiness.

When finally the glint of Bolande's dingy weapon struggled through the smoke of the room to the marshal's eye, he said, quietly, that the others might not hear: "Jesse, stick your gun behind the bar till you're leavin' town. Can't let you tote your irons in this man's town now."

"Ownin' this place now, are you, marshal?" There was too little subtlety in Bolande's intonation to deceive the marshal in its portent, and he flung back a sharp reply: "Any skin off you, if I do?"

And Bolande calmed before the other's frank resentment and shrugging himself again, murmured: "Nope. But thar'll be some off the man that tries to take my gun away."

Almost pleadingly the quiescent marshal answered: "Jesse, I'll give you till six o'clock to put up your gun or pull your freight out of this."

Still more unassumingly, but still more firmly, Bolande answered: "You will find me right here at six. Bring your nerve with you, marshal. Have a drink?"

"Don't mind if I do, Jesse. Here's 'how!'" and they drained the martyrdom with unflinching gusto.

The marshal evidently thought it only right to give his old friend three minutes of grace, for it was a little after the hour when his step was heard on the board walk outside.

With epic equality and speed the weapons leaped into position.

Almost reverentially the partisans of each lifted his limp majesty from the sticky pool of his own blood and both were carried upstairs to a little room in the hotel.

They placed a cot near the marshal's bed. Outside, the red glory of

the prairie sunset was turning the earth to a responsive flush. Within the room was a greater glory, the austere passing of two granite-couraged heroes.

The sinewy hands of the twain lay clasped outside the coverlet.

Bolande was the first to find power for speech.

"Are you easy, marshal?"

"Easy as a kid in a cradle, Jess. How're they comin' on your side?"

"Same here, old man. But I'm goin' fast."

"You won't beat me out five minutes, Jess."

At length the marshal looked a request, and one of the men bent over to hear his feeble mutterings, then went out and returned with two glasses of whisky on a cracked plate.

Across the marshal's face fluttered the wan ghost of a smile, and he spoke between fierce gulps of pain.

"You—stood the—last treat, Jess. Have one—on me—now?"

"Sure—old hoss!" was the grisly cordiality of the tortured Bolande.

"Better luck—in—the—next country!"

"How!" was the marshal's acceptance; and they drank with panting effort.

So they died, stern in wrath, stern in love, each content, rather than proud, that he—and his friend—had died game.

REALLY WORTH LISTENING TO

Barn-Raising Could Stop While Old Citizens Broke Record.

The Turners were among the early settlers of Buckfield. They were of a sturdy, well-built, good-looking race of people. They had good farms and brought up large families. One of them, Capt. Joseph Turner, was an auctioneer and a leader in local enterprises.

There was a barn raising in the vicinity and Capt. Turner was "boss" of the job. Those old frames were mostly heavy timbers and were put together and pinned beforehand, so that the whole broadside or end was raised at a time. It took 20 men or more with spikes to raise the section.

Roland Foster and Boardman Faunce sat near by telling big stories about the product of their cows. They were both noted throughout the town for telling "awful whoppers." Finally "Uncle Roland" said: "What I am going to tell you now is the truth." Mr. Faunce said: "What I am going to tell you is the truth also."

The "boys" had got one broadside about half way up and were pushing with all their might, when Capt. Turner sung out: "Hold on, boys, hold it right there it is. If Roland Foster and Boardman Faunce are going to tell the truth I want to hear it."—Norway (Me.) Advertiser.

What's Art?

Art is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious idea of beauty, or good; it is not, as the aesthetical physiologists say, a game in which man lets off his excess of stored-up energy; it is not the expression of man's emotions by external signs; it is not the production of pleasing objects; and, above all, it is not pleasure; but it is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress, towards well-being of individuals and of humanity.—Count Tolstoy.

San Antonio News.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Rosenman have returned from their bridal tour through Mexico.

A. H. Fromenson addressed a large assembly at Temple Beth El Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Fromenson spent Thursday in our city and were warmly welcomed by friends.

Sam Bloomberg has been on the sick list for the past week. His many friends are glad to know he is about again.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Fannie Jaffee and Mr. Alton Kopenland which will take place Feb. 14.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Oppenheimer have announced the engagement of their daughter, Ella, to Ike Cohen, of St. Louis.

After a delightful visit in the city the guest of Mrs. M. Karotkin, Miss Rose Gordon returned to her home in Galveston Sunday.

Miss Dora Hahn and the Misses Goot will be the hostesses for a matinee party at the "Traitor" Saturday in honor of Rose Gordon of Galveston.

At the last meeting of the Jewish Literary club held Jan. 20, a very interesting program was rendered. A special feature of the evening was the "Revival of the Journal" read by Miss Mamie Telling. It caused much merriment.

At a meeting recently held at the Jewish Literary Club the following officers were elected: Sam Bloomberg, President; Sara Goot, Vice president; Nettie Sellinger, Recording Sec'y; W. M. Weinberger, Financial Sec'y; Harry Gurinsky, Treas.; J. Vogel, Sergeant-at-Arms; Morris Norich, Press Agent; Chas. M. Lee, Chairman of Entertainment; Sam Jacob, Literary Leader. After the election a banquet was held in honor of the first anniversary of the club. S. C. Eldridge acted as toastmaster.